

a garden chair in the shade of a laurel bush and folded her hands to listen.

Minotte sang her very best, and she sang on and on and on, until her power of voice and her memory were a marvel to her listeners. At last, as she began the very earliest of her baby lullabys, the lady burst into tears, and beckoning to her husband, who was pacing up and down the gravel walk near by, she said:

"This is the child that I have set my heart upon. I can be content with no other. Come here, little one, and we will be to you a father and mother."

"Oh, how did you come from China?" asked Minette, allowing herself to be folded in the lady's arms, nothing doubting. "I thought you was to come springing up through the turf, and I have looked and looked for you, but you are here, and I am ready to go—only Dr. Octave must be told, for it was he who first told me China was just beneath."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis were the kindest of parents to the little foundling, and she proved herself a veritable sunbeam in their home. All the people on the estate loved the bright, cheerful, thoughtful young girl, and her life was a useful as well as a happy one.

When all the promises of her beautiful, budding womanhood seemed surest, death took from her in one week her loving foster-parents; and then it became known that they had neglected to make any provision for her support. The relations and heirs of her adopted parents offered her a home with them, and there were several suitors for her hand in marriage, but "No," she said, "I will go back to the dear old hospital that gave me a home in my babyhood. I have been told many times that I have a genius for nursing; there are always sick babies needing attention, and why should I not make myself useful?"

So back to the dear old foundling hospital went the sweet young girl with her loving face, her bird-like voice, her sunny disposition, and her affectionate heart, intent upon making some other children as happy as she had been made herself.

"Of course I regret the loss of my foster parents and of their beautiful home," she said one day to the matron, "but I should poorly repay all their kindness did I not shed abroad some of the sweetness they were continually pouring into my life all the blessed years I lived with them."

"But if you stay here and have charge of

the little ones, you will be obliged to wear a cap and apron—that is one of the regulations."

"I shall consider myself honored by wearing the garb that has been worn by so many noble women. I hope it will become me as well as it did dear old Babette, and that I shall wear it with as sweet a grace."

"Well, go your way," said the matron, with tears on her cheeks; "you always had your will with everyone from the time that you were a kicking, crowing baby. Go and sit there on your own circle of turf by the Hebe statue, and sing your songs to the wee ones."

Minette obeyed, and as she sang song after song with the children huddled about her, a stout, heavily bearded man came up the walk and paused near the ancient laurel bush.

"Are you still looking for the father and mother from China, Sunette?" he asked, presently.

"They came long since, Dr. Octave. I had them while they tarried here. They have gone on now to a better land."

"And now your voice has brought a husband, if you will have him."

Minette glanced up; there was a look in the man's face no maiden could mistake.

"You hardly know me," she faltered.

"I never have lost sight of you, my child. I could have no fears in trusting my happiness to your keeping."

"I belong to no one, doctor."

"You belong to the Lord, and I want you to belong to me. Fifteen years are a great deal between a child and a youth, but they are nothing between a man and a woman. Perhaps I am too impetuous—you may plead that you know nothing of me."

"I never have lost sight of you," confessed Minette with a blush. "Every summer I have had children from the hospital staying on the estate, and the heart of everyone of them was burning with love for Dr. Octave, and I might as well be frank to say that my childish love for him has never grown cold."

So to Dr. Octave's beautiful suburban home went our Minette, and there you may think of her still with her childish sweetness and her maidenly loveliness culminated in her graceful matronly goodness.

"My whole life has been like a fairy story," she says sometimes; "from the very beginning, when I was found a wee, helpless baby