

You have been my guiding star in my college life, my armour against all evil. Whenever I was tempted—and there are awful temptations at Oxford, Margaret—I remembered your face, I saw you looking at me with mamma's eyes. I heard you say, as you did when I related my first and last college scrape to you, 'I am not afraid; I can trust my brother,' and so I was saved," said Tom, and rising, he took his sister on his manly breast, as if he never would let her go. "God bless you, Meg. I am a rough-and-ready fellow, but I can take God's name on my lips yet without mockery; so I say, God bless you, my sister! It is women like you who make men of us." Then he added, mischievously, "I don't need to envy any other fellow's sister now, but other fellows envy mine, instead. Hilloh, there's father!"

Both went out to the hall; but in the middle of the warm greetings Margaret stole away up to her own room and shut the door.

Her heart was full to overflowing with joy and thankfulness, and a strange, deep wonderment that God had so blessed her beyond her expectation or deserts.